

A Savage Swarm Fights on Ship

Only Seventy-Nine Cartridges Left to Kirk and Companions, Who Go to the Rescue of Fortuna's Overwhelmed Crew.

The Adventurer

Lloyd Osbourne.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Lewis Kirkpatrick (nicknamed "Kirk"), a plucky young American, embarks on an enterprise to seek the lost gold treasure of the last South American city of Cascaquari. The expedition is under the leadership of four people—Westbrook, a famous inventor; Dr. Von Zeitwitz, Mrs. Hinchcock, an enormously wealthy lady, and Capt. Jackson. Westbrook builds in the South American pampas a mighty ship, the Fortuna, created upon wheels, and this capable of sailing on land. Kirk becomes engaged to Westbrook's son, and the ship proceeds to a point near Cascaquari, whence the gold here are believed to be. Kirk and his companions start on their journey from the buried city in automobiles. Kirk and his companions are attacked by a horde of savages. As they are about to return to the ship they see from the mountains above that the Fortuna is defending herself with difficulty from an army of savages.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.)

Deserted.

HAD the breeze freshened, which, alas, it showed no signs of doing, the tactics of the previous conflict might have been repeated with advantage. The ship might then have been put about and her vast bulk utilized to tear repeated pathways through her enemies and grind untold numbers beneath her wheels. But what wind there was hardly sufficed to keep her moving at more than a snail's pace, and an hour—a speed prohibitive of all such tactics—and thus her most powerful weapon, her mobility, was unfortunately unavailable.

But more alarming than anything was the unaccountable confusion that seemed to reign on board of her. The firing became fitful and unsteady. Several times she yawed wildly, and narrowly escaped gyrating. Tiny figures could be seen slipping down the rigging, seemingly abandoning their posts in a panic. The machine guns stopped altogether, though a persistent rifle fire could be plainly heard, and with it a faint, muffled sound of indistinguishable import. Could it be cheering? But the wake showed no signs of increased slaughter. On the contrary, the dribble of bodies nearly ceased, and the melancholy ribbon of them, stretching far across the plain, began to widen with great gaps—significant and ominous portent of an ebbing resistance.

A Hand-to-Hand Fight.

Suddenly she were still, and the manoeuvre opened her vulnerable view. Then was learned the reason of her apparent abandonment of the fight. Her forecastle was black with men, and a hand-to-hand battle was taking place on her forward deck. The savages had gained a footing on her bow and were obstinately holding their own while with ropes lowered over her side their numbers were constantly reinforced from below. Figures could be seen struggling frantically to clamber aboard; helmsman hands were reached out to them; occasionally one would fall back into the boiling, swirling mass from which he had arisen. It was impossible to guess how the fight was going. Axes sparkled in the sun as brawny arms swung them high; rifles cracked; pistols rained incessant bullets; bayonets stabbed out murderously. But the savages seem not to give an inch, grappling with the whites like beasts, tearing at their throats, wrestling their weapons from them, dragging them down to the blood-stained deck in frenzied efforts to strangle or club them. About the foremast was the deadliest focus of the battle; and the great stick towered like a standard, under which the whites rallied and reformed their broken ranks.

The battle, like some wild sea squall, drove steadily to leeward. The Fortuna dwindled into the immeasurable expanse.

"What's to be done?" asked Kirk, breaking the intolerable silence.

"I don't know," returned Crawshaw in a hoarse tone. "I don't know, for I suppose we'll never get out of this."

"Now, see here, everybody," began Kirk. "I want you all to listen to me and listen hard. We can't go back to Cascaquari—that's plain. No food, no hope, no anything. We certainly can't stay here, waiting like ninnyes for

angels to descend and help us. I've been in lots of tight places in my life and not an angel ever showed up. Well, what's left? Why, to go ahead—to take the gamble—to chance the savages and chance picking up the ship."

Crawshaw shuddered.

Desperate Chances.

"It's something to die in peace," he said, "there are no Indians here. It's awful to think of being murdered."

"No great difference in the long run," returned Kirk stoutly. "Others will be fewer Indians, I'll answer for that. How are we off for cartridges?"

There ensued a grim counting. Seventy-seven. No, seventy-nine. Crawshaw had an extra two in his trousers pocket.

A pitiful supply.

"These are as good as a thousand," said Henderson, poking the little heap of cartridges with a stubby finger. "I take it, the captain's idea ain't to fight—it's to get through somehow—and if we hammer off the exhaust pipes the noise will be worth more to us than any pistol-popping."

"A good suggestion," cried Kirk. "We can make a frightful racket by stripping off the hood and letting the cylinders exhaust into the open air."

"And an increased efficiency," exclaimed Crawshaw, awakening to technical interest. "At least fourteen per cent."

Kirk saw at last that all was ready.

"Boys," he said in a husky voice, "it's time to be off!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Weird Procession.

REVOLVER in hand, Kirk and Henderson each watched the road in front of them like hawks, and, at every turn of its twisting course, drew a breath of relief to find it still unbarred and still uncontested.

Of a sudden, shooting around a curve, they were greeted by the sight of the other car. It was headed obliquely toward them, its nose was rammed into the hillside, where its engine raged furiously, the overheated radiator was boiling out torrents of water and steam. The seat was empty, but over the dash, in a limp and dreadful attitude, there hung the ghastly apparition of a man.

They jumped out and ran to him. The face, as they raised it and looked into the staring, signless eyes, was that of Weaver, the jockey.

At his feet there was a rough package of saliciloid, which when pulled out and opened on the ground showed them for what he had died to bring. Here, tumbled together, were biscuits and cartridges, some cans of preserved meat, a demijohn of water and four rifles—snatched, as might be supposed, to throw to a drowning man. This bundle had cost poor Weaver his heart's blood. His had been the thought, his had been the devotion, and now, as it were from his dead hands, they reverently received his charge.

"Hurry! Hurry!"

The momentary delay brought flame to Kirk's eyes, and he cried to Crawshaw savagely to speed her up.

"Don't keep us waiting here!" he yelled. "Hurry! Hurry!"

Crawshaw obeyed, and the engine hummed as he advanced the spark to a twenty-mile clip.

The country grew more open as, with lessening blows, it gradually attained the plain.

The twilight deepened into dusk. The Gray Glimmered in the southern sky. The engine began to sputter, and a hiss, it took no expert to tell that something was seriously wrong with it. The car slowed down. It stopped. Crawshaw made no reply to the anxious questions addressed to him. He ran behind, bent down and then reappeared with a face haggard with bad news.

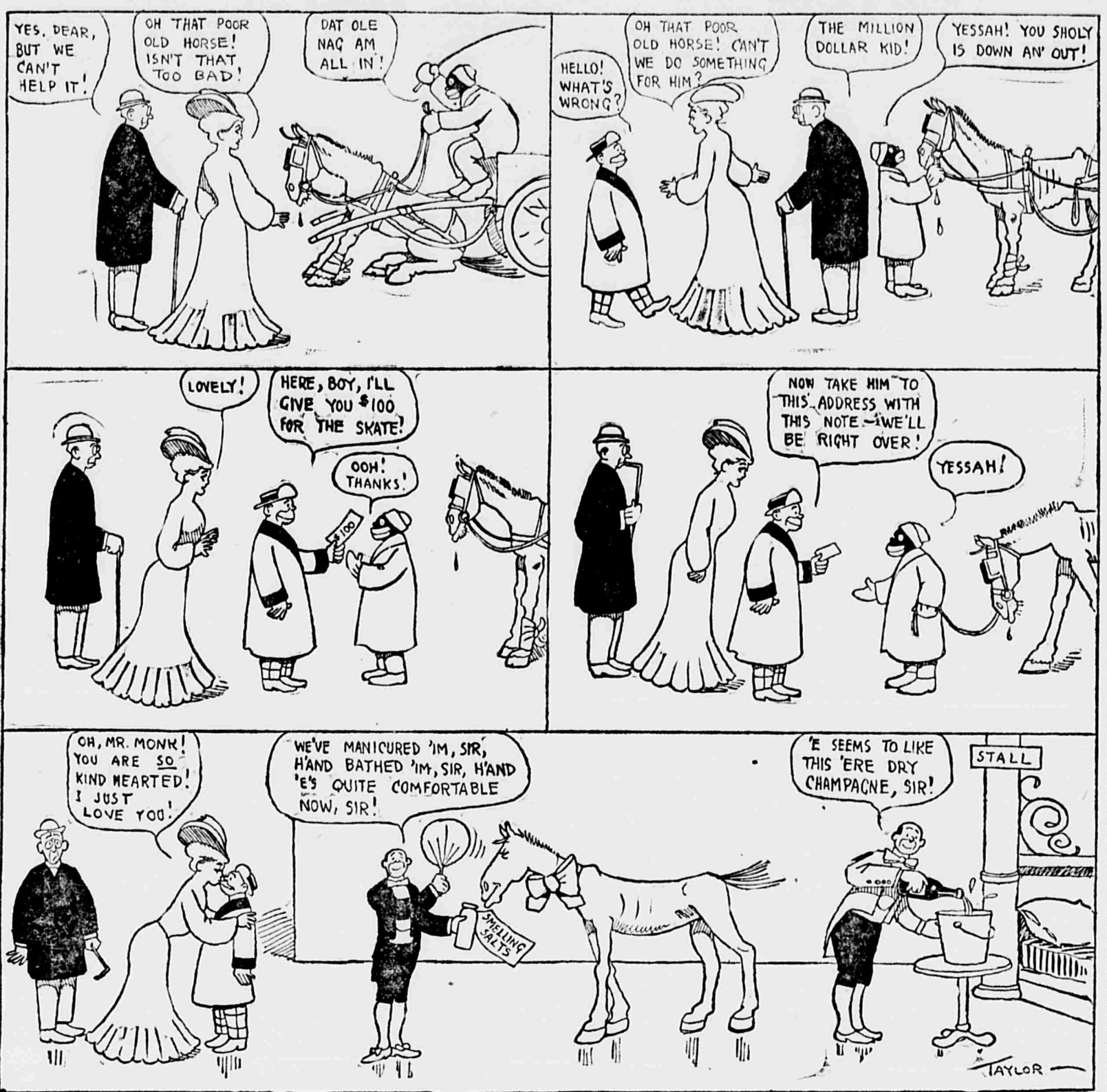
(To Be Continued.)

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Don't Miss It!

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

How to Win Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM in love with a young girl one year my junior. I have tried to show her that I love her, but she has never shown that she returns my affection. She invited me to her house. How can I bring her to love me? A. A. The young lady shows that she likes you by asking you to call. Pay her attention and she will in all probability learn to love you.

Four Rude Suitors.

Dear Betty:

I AM summer three girls and I met four gentlemen about nineteen years of age who asked me if they might call. I said I would first have to see my mother. After receiving her consent we fixed the date. The girls came, but the gentlemen did not. How shall we treat them when we meet them and should they apologize?

ANXIETY.

The men were extremely rude to offer no explanation of their non-appearance. When you meet again treat them in a cool manner. They should apologize.

She Is Angry with Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM deeply in love with a young lady two years my junior. She is angry because I was slightly intoxicated New Year's Day. As I was thinking seriously of marrying this young lady in the near future, I am heartbroken over her treatment of me. She is now going with another young man, and I am sorely vexed as to what to do in the matter. HEARTBROKEN. The young lady was just angry with you. If you wish to win her back you will have to first show her that you will not again repeat such conduct.

She Treats Him Rudely.

Dear Betty:

AM eighteen and am keeping company with a young lady about the same age. When we are alone she treats me very nicely, but whenever there are other gentlemen present she will not notice me. I have asked her many times not to do this, and she says she cares for me more than anybody else. What shall I do? G. I. W. Tell the girl if she cares for you she should not treat you rudely before others. If she continues to do so treat her in the same way. Pay attention to some other girl and she will quickly change her conduct.

Life's Little Anomalies.

Why is it that a performance of this kind, seen on a music-hall stage, seems too trivial to make any remark on—

While a simple little feat like this, done by yourself at home, seems quite creditable? —From London Punch.

He Had Two Proposals.

Dear Betty:

AM a young man of twenty-five, making \$24 per week, and have good habits. Since Jan. 1 two young ladies have called on me and proposed. Each came separately. Do you advise me to take notice of them or not, as I am single and of a bashful disposition? S. K. A. Don't pay any attention to the young ladies. They probably meant the proposal as a joke.

He Sends Her Postals.

Dear Betty:

AM a young man of twenty-five, making \$24 per week, and have good habits. Since Jan. 1 two young ladies have called on me and proposed. Each came separately. Do you advise me to take notice of them or not, as I am single and of a bashful disposition? S. K. A. Don't pay any attention to the young ladies. They probably meant the proposal as a joke.

How to Reach Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM in love with a young man whose business causes him to change his address every week. He writes me, but I am unable to answer the letters. I do not know which address to write to, as he moves about so much. How can I reach him? A. U. Write to the last address and mark the letter "Please forward." It will be redirected to his present address. In this letter ask him to furnish you with his address a week ahead of time so that he may receive your letters on his arrival.

Tootsie and Her Cat, Smilax

By M. F. Neale

